

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1915.

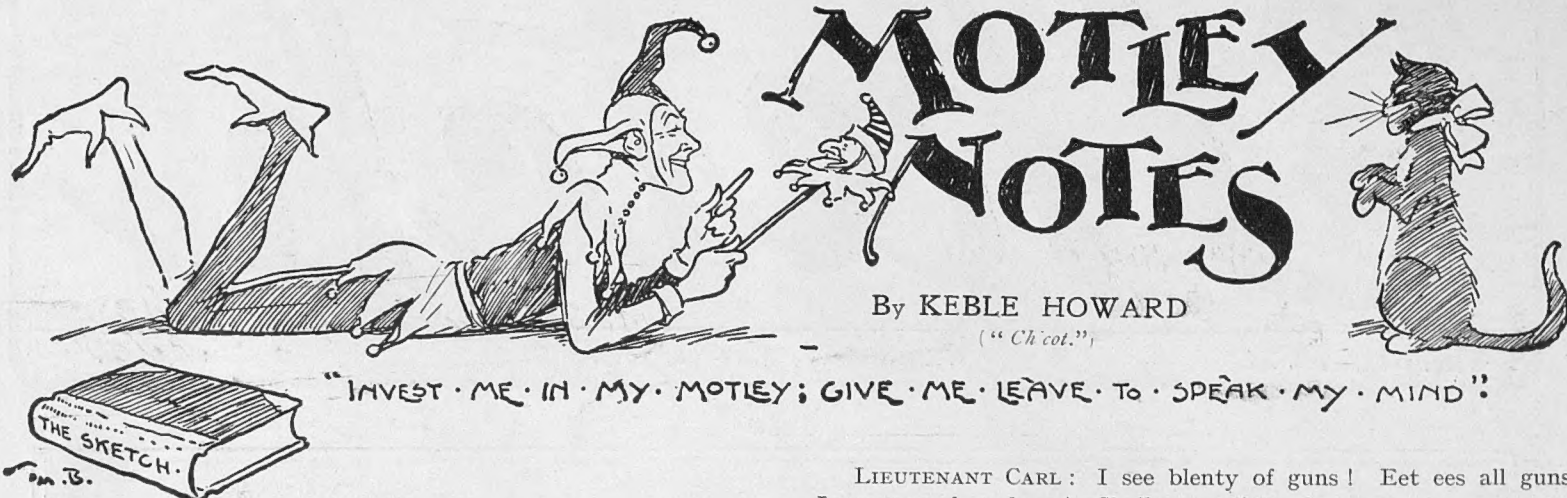
SIXPENCE.



ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO!

This photograph of Mr. Winston Churchill was taken the other day when the discussions as to a Coalition Cabinet and the rumours of disagreement between Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher occupied universal attention.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]





## ZEPPELINIC CONVERSATIONS.

## I. ON LEAVING.

COMMANDER FRITZ: Haf you say goot-bye to your wife, Carl?  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Vy?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Dees vos ein very dangerous shob.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Zo?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah. Ve make brave attack to-night on great English fort. Many guns!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Yah?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah. Dees night ve vins der Iron Cross, my goot Carl, or—or ve do not.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Zo? Dare ees ein kinder-garten? Yah?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah. Ein kinder-garten fery strongly fortified. Many guns of large size in all der vindows. 'Old mein 'and, Carl.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Boo-'oo!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Boo-'oo!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Vot vos der name to dis blace?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Eef I tells you, Carl, you do not tell der men? Eet on-nerve them.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: I do not! I svare!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ (*whispering*): Rabsgate!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Mein Gott!

## II. THE APPROACH.

LIEUTENANT CARL: Commander!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah?  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Vot vos dose lights? Vos dot Rabsgate?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: You 'ave der shaky voice, mein Carl!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: I tink about dose beeg guns!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Ach! Do not be so afraid. Ve shall keep fery 'igh, you see. Dey vos all azleep, der tangerous shildren!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Vos dot Rabsgate?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: I do not dink it. Dot vos, I dink, Dover.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Dover! Oh, go 'igher, go 'igher, mein goot friendt!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah. I go up five tousand foot. My doctor would not vish me to run der risks.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Mein al-zo. 'Ow many bomb do we drop on dis derrible Rabsgate?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Dwenty or zo. Az soon as der shildren wake up, we rise, oh, ten tousand foot.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Dot vos goot. Eet ees a vild life, mein friendt!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: I peleaf you. Ve vos der bost desperate tevils in der vorltd!

## III. OVER RAMSGATE.

COMMANDER FRITZ: Shtop der engines! Zo! Get out der bombs! Zo! Now we descend a leetle way!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Mein Gott! Vy would you descend? Eet gif me a greep in mein liver!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Only shust a leetle bit. Now, keep open your eyes for der kinder-garten! . . . Can you see 'im?  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Vot like is 'e?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: A large puilding, mit lots of vlowers and great pig guns. . . . Vell?

LIEUTENANT CARL: I see blenty of guns! Eet ees all guns! I see guns eferywhere! Shall we go 'igher?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Fery soon now. Drop der bomb, Carl!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Yah, but get ready to go 'igher!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah-yah! I go 'igher ven der shildren begin to scream! Drop der bomb, Carl! . . .  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Ach! Zee! Mein Gott! Dis vos ein prave business! Did you 'ear 'im go smack?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah-yah! I recommendt you for dree Iron Crosses! And meinself for seex! Drop der rest, Carl, undt den we go 'ome! Mein wife seet oop for me.

## IV. THE PURSUIT.

LIEUTENANT CARL: Ha-ha! Dot vos a great and a fine pusiness! Der kinder-garten vos no more! Embrace me, mein friendt!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Ve vos 'eroes! . . . 'Allo! Vot vos dot?  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Dot? Vot?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: I 'ear a 'um!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: A 'um?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah! A 'um! Listen! . . . Do you 'ear a 'um, Carl?  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Yah! Mein Gott! Vot vos it?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: 'Igher! 'Igher! 'Igher!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Vot vos eet? In der name of Gott, vot vos eet, Fritz?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: 'Igher! 'Igher! . . . Ach! Eet vos Eengleesh hairplane!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Mein Gott! I svoon!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Nein-nein! Do not svoon! Ve go 'igher yet!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Cognac!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: I 'ave 'ad it all!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Ven?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Ven you drop der bomb on der tangerous shildren!  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Mein Gott! Dey vos fire at us! Tevils! Dey might 'it us! . . . Dey 'ave 'it us! 'Igher—'igher—'igher!

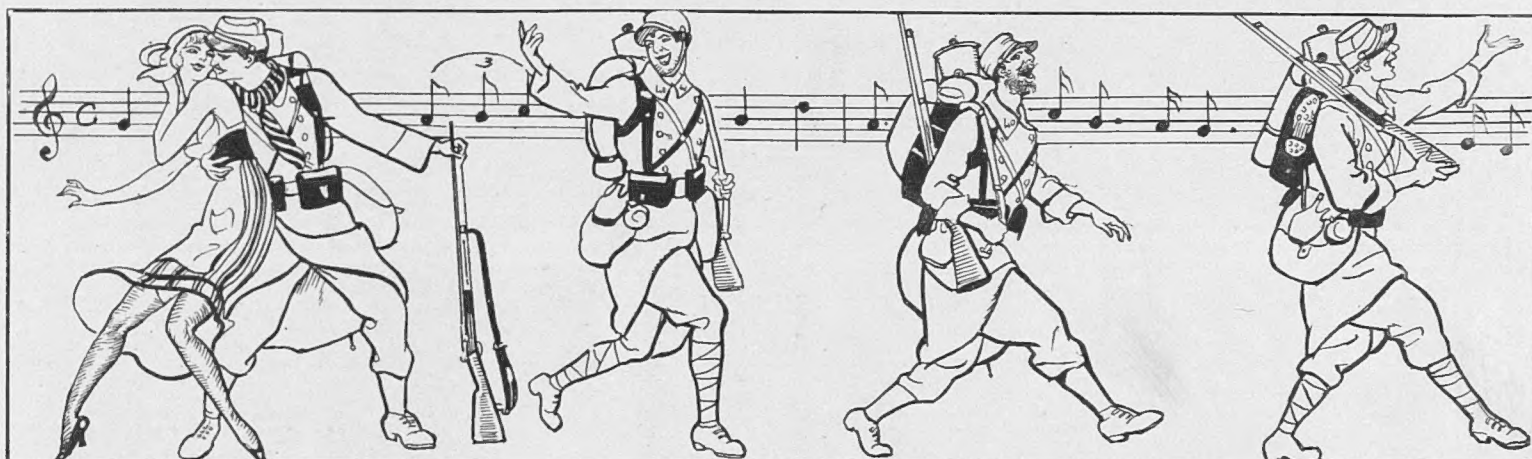
## V. THE STORY.

COMMANDER FRITZ: Eet vos a tark night, but ve see very clear der kinder-garten pristling mit der guns.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Ve go fery low—shoost apove der shimneys. Den I drop der bomb down der shimney!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Dot vos so. We 'ear some bleasant sgreems, und mein blood boil in mein veins.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Ve vos mad und reckless! Ve drop der bombs eferywhere! Dot Rabsgate was all level mit der ground!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Dot vos so. Den we shtart to redurn 'ome. Soon we 'ear a 'um, didn't we, Carl?  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: Yah. It make me laugh to shplit! I shmoke mein pipe!  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Dot vos so. We shmoke our pipes and laugh. Bresently der come a 'ole in der gas-bag. We laugh some more, and Carl—  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: I shoost take out my leedle needle mit gotton und sew oop der 'ole, didn't I, Fritz?  
 COMMANDER FRITZ: Yah. And so, zoon, ve come 'ome covered mit glory.  
 LIEUTENANT CARL: But ve go again. Der vos a vorse blace dan Rabsgate—a very tangerous blace! Der vos shildren as young as one year old! I tell you in fery shtrict confidence der name of dis shtrong blace mit millions of guns—(*whispering*)—Leedle'ampton!

VANITIES OF VALDÈS : MARCHING SONGS—BRITISH AND FRENCH.



IT'S A LONG, LONG, WAY TO TIPPERARY.



AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE,  
QU'IL FAIT BON, FAIT BON, FAIT BON....



AUPRÈS DE MA BLONDE,  
QU'IL FAIT BON DORMIR.



# SOCIETY WEDDING AND WALKING: SOCIO-POLITICAL AND



1. THE WEDDING OF MISS DAISIE IRVING AND CAPTAIN J. SARGENT:  
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

5. SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS  
OF TECK.

2. THE WEDDING OF THE HON. CHRISTIAN METHUEN AND THE HON.  
GEOFFREY HOWARD: MR. AND MRS. ASQUITH ARRIVING.

6. SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: MISS CAVENDISH, DAUGHTER OF LORD RICHARD  
CAVENDISH, WITH LADY VICTORIA PRIMROSE.

The past ten days have not been lacking in political, personal, or theatrical interest, and many well-known people have been seen about. The wedding of Miss Daisie Irving, the charming Agatha in "Véronique," to Captain J. Sargent, of the Lancashire Fusiliers, caused much interest in theatrical circles.—The wedding—one of much political and social interest—of the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, M.P., and the Hon. Christian Methuen, daughter of General Sir Paul Methuen, attracted many

Photographs by C.N., Farrington



# THEATRICAL MARRIAGES; AND PERSONALITIES IN THE PARK.



3. THE WEDDING OF THE HON. CHRISTIAN METHUEN: SIR JOHN AND LADY FULLER ARRIVING.

4. THE WEDDING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE HON. GEOFFREY HOWARD AND HIS BRIDE.

7. SOCIETY IN HYDE PARK: MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH, WIFE OF THE LATE COLONEL SHUTTLEWORTH (ON RIGHT).

8. THE HOWARD-METHUEN WEDDING: THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET (ON LEFT).

well-known people to Westminster Abbey, among them Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, Sir John and Lady Fuller, the Duchess of Somerset, and other leading members of Society.—Miss Cavendish is a daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish, only brother of the Duke of Devonshire. She has three sisters.—Lady Victoria Primrose, whose marriage to the Hon. Neil Primrose, younger son of Lord Rosebery, took place last month, was Lady Victoria Stanley, and is the only daughter of Lord Derby.



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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

## FICTION.

Daddy's Sword. Amy Le Feuvre. 2s. net.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Story of a Woman's Heart. Anon. 6s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The House of the Misty Star. By the Author  
of "The Lady of the Decoration." 6s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
A Daughter of Sin. Mary E. Martens. 6s.  
(Elliot Stock.)  
The Steppe, and Other Stories. Anton Tchekov;  
Translated by Adeline Lister Kaye. 6s.  
(Heinemann.)  
Three Summers. Victor L. Whitechurch. 6s.  
(Long.)  
The Courts of Love. Farren Le Breton. 6s.  
(Long.)  
A Duchess of France. Paul Waineman. 6s.  
(Hurst and Blackett.)

## FICTION (continued).

The Good Ship "Brompton Castle." Lady Bell. 6s.  
(Mills and Boon.)  
The Man Who Stayed at Home. Beamish Tinker. 6s.  
(Mills and Boon.)  
MISCELLANEOUS.  
Peace and War in Europe. Gilbert Slater. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)  
War Up to Date. Charles E. Pearce. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)  
Germany's Naval Plan Against Britain and the United States. Freiherr von Edelsheim. 1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Wayfarings Round London. By "Pathfinder." 2s. 6d. net. ("Homeland Association.")  
The Soul of Germany. Thomas F. A. Smith. 6s. (Hutchinson.)  
Nelson's History of the War: Vol. IV. John Buchan. 1s. net. (Nelson.)

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE NOTE-BOOK OF A HOSTILE NEUTRAL.\*

## Notes—and Queries.

In common with many another non-fighting European, Dr. Sven Hedin had yearnings for the war-centre very soon after war broke out. To be a real looker-on, though not a player, in the great game! The majority have had to stifle that very natural wish, but Dr. Hedin, once ferried across from his own country to our great enemy's, found nothing easier. There was only need to mention the affair tentatively to any German official, and a kind of "open Sesame" took place through the entire German Army. From Lieutenant to Staff Officer, the Teutonic eye glanced shrewdly at his note-book, and no duty, no moment, were too pressing for the hearty hospitality and the "Let-us-take-you-round-our-little-show" invitation. Staff Officers? They were but *vin ordinaire*! "Directly I arrived in Luxemburg (German Great Headquarters), I was honoured with an invitation to dine with the Emperor William the following day at one o'clock." And, again, at the quarters of the Fifth Army: "Would you like to know what the German Crown Prince, the Crown Prince of Prussia, eats for supper?" Dr. Sven Hedin can tell you, for he ate from his table and shared his chateau—the chateau of the French lady who had moved to Bordeaux.

## The Lure of the Note-Book.

"I hastened to my room to make a few notes . . . there was a knock at the door. 'Herein,' I called, with the voice of a corporal. In steps the Crown Prince, with a large volume under his arm. I ask my august guest to be seated on the sofa. . . . Completing my sketches and plans and writing letters [in the hotel at Brussels] while I was sitting over my late breakfast, a fine-looking officer came straight to my table. He smiled humorously, wondering whether I would recognise him. Certainly I did! 'Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg!' The Duke seemed glad to see me."

## The Head of Great Headquarters.

Germany's War Lord is "a picture of manliness, resolution, and honourable frankness"; his strongly built, well-knit figure—above all, his magnetic, calm blue eyes, that express unconquerable will and energy, "yet betray a certain melancholy at the thought that all may not understand that he is actuated absolutely by the will to do what is pleasing to God and beneficial to his people. . . . The Emperor talked to me all the time. . . . It pleased me especially to hear with what respect and sympathy the Emperor referred to France (!) . . . When the German Emperor talks thus—then I have truly no time to eat beef and vegetables—then I prefer to listen, and to order sandwiches when back at my hotel."

## The Commander of the Fifth Army.

And what could be more attractive than the first sight of the Crown Prince—tall, slim, and royally straight in his dazzling white tunic—distributing Iron Crosses? "What life and spirit at the Crown Prince's Headquarters! Everything gay with the freshness of youth, and devoid of restraint." Yet the stern note beneath—"the 'will to conquer' which in all history has never been known to fail." "September 22nd.—Last night the Crown Prince distributed more Iron Crosses among the heroes of the day. . . . the glorious shape of the Iron Cross."

## The Grand Admiral.

As to the officers, their mood "at our table" or along the front is the same. Anxiety as to the result, nervousness, overwork, fear, are terms of which they do not know the meaning. These splendid and capable fellows! "Grand Admiral von Tirpitz, regally tall and straight, was there. Lofty forehead, frank and merry eyes, fair beard, resolute and manly bearing—in fact, a real Teuton. It was like a draught of sparkling wine to speak to him. To such men nothing is impossible." But yes—one thing is impossible, and anxiously, insistently, Dr. Hedin repeats and repeats it.

## "Inexorable Will" of the German Army.

The music of the marching columns, the tramp, the rattle, the chafing and creaking and jingling—they are, as the Doctor's note-book almost irritably asserts, Germany's train of victory. "Not a single soul had the slightest doubt of the result. Whence," he asks his note-book, "this terrible assurance of ultimate triumph?" Many reasons that his carefully conducted tour and his own avowed enthusiasm suggest, but, above all, one thing—the *inexorable will of the German nation*.

## The Doctor's Naïveté.

Mr. Lane foresees some British irritation over the Doctor's views, but the naïveté of such views from a man whose examination of the opposing forces was confined to a few batches of wounded and prisoners must occur to any reader.

## Phlegm or Hysteria?

"All the Germans I spoke to were of the same opinion of the individual bravery of the English—it was above all praise"; and, knowing his India well, he generously does not refrain from a tribute to our occupation there. We have "superbly acquitted ourselves." But when we are calm we are "phlegmatic," and roused we become "hysterical," so there is no pleasing him.

\* "With the German Armies in the West." By Sven Hedin. (The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d. net.)

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THE UBIQUITOUS WAITRESS: RANELAGH IN SPRING—GUESTS AND GHOSTS: PETULANT PORTUGAL.

The Waitress in the Coffee-Room.

One by one the big clubs are falling into line in substituting maid-servants for men-servants in their dining-rooms—a sign that the younger male servants have done their duty and are wearing khaki. The Garrick is the latest club to fall in with this good fashion. Every fourth man of the actors and barristers who lunch daily in the old club in Garrick Street is now in khaki, and the other members would follow their example were it not for the deterrent cause of “anno domini.” There is no lack of ardent patriotism in Stage-land, though the mincing young chorus-man of the musical-comedy theatres is still an offence.

Sunday at Ranelagh.

A spurred sentry with bayonet fixed on his carbine marches up and down at the entrance gates of the Ranelagh Club; but, once inside the gates, there is scarcely anything in the beautiful pleasance to remind one, especially on a Sunday afternoon, of the existence of war. At the far end of the polo-grounds by Barnes Common there are patches of khaki outside the long black-and-white cottage, troopers sitting sunning themselves; and now and again a trumpet-call or a bugle-call strikes a Strauss-like discord in the harmonies of the scarlet-coated band and the church bells, which do not in the least clash with each other.

A Symphony in Pink and Green.

On Chestnut Sunday, a Sunday on which I saw Ranelagh at its best, the golfers—ladies, most of them—made points of colour against the almost emerald-green of the polo-grounds, grounds that will not be galloped over this year, I am afraid; and the old British waiters in their crimson Georgian coats helped in the wonderful symphony of pinks and greens that is Ranelagh in spring-time. One little war-time picture I saw on that Sunday afternoon—a wounded officer in khaki, one foot in bandages, his crutches lying on the grass beside the cane arm-chair in which he sat. He was by the side of the lake, and he was watching with intense interest a mother duck conveying half-a-dozen tiny balls of fluff, newly hatched ducklings taking their first swimming lesson.

**A Proud Mother.** There were few young men amongst the visitors to Ranelagh on Chestnut Sunday, and those who were there were either in uniform or were limping along with the aid of a stick. We all of us know that “shrapnel limp” nowadays. At the next table to that at which I took tea sat a mother radiantly proud of her two boys who were with her. One was a naval cadet back for a day or two, so I gathered, from what

he vaguely called “the North-East,” and the other was a Sandhurst cadet up for the day to see his brother. They both were bronzed from living in the open air, and both had that cheerful confidence that every fighting young Briton has—a confidence that has won more battles for us than all the strategy of our Generals. I felt pleased in sympathy with that proud mother that she had the gallant escort of two such straight-limbed, good-looking boys.

A Year Ago.

I walked over towards the No. 1 Polo Ground, noting on my way that the little trees on either side of the gymkhana course are spreading finely, and that the privet hedge which marks the limit up to which people watching the polo may pull their chairs has become quite a real barrier. I stood looking across the space of smooth grass towards the pavilion on which the flags of the Allies float, and I thought of the men whom we saw playing polo on that ground little more than a year ago. How little

when we saw the team of the 9th Lancers gallop at racing pace up the ground did any of us think that these gallant four would, before the leaves were off the trees, earn immortal fame by charging the German guns! And the names of scores of other soldier polo-players sparkle on the roll of fame. If Ranelagh is ever haunted, it will be by the spirits of brave polo-playing men on gallant horses who have played and won in the greatest of all games—that



FROM THE RING TO THE TRENCH: PROMINENT BOXERS WHO HAVE JOINED THE COLOURS.

Several well-known boxers joined the Colours the other day. Dick Burge, ex-light-weight champion, joined the 1st Surrey Rifles. Others who also assisted Pat O'Keefe, the middle-weight champion (who, as recruiting-sergeant, is desirous of bringing up his total to 500) were Dai Roberts, welter-weight champion of Wales, Duke Lynch, of Camberwell, a prominent feather-weight, and Jack Goldswain, ex-light-weight champion of England. These men, with other well-known boxers, took up their positions for the initial drill at Flodden Road, Camberwell. Our photograph shows, left to right: Sergeant Taylor (of Ireland), Dick Burge, Dai Roberts, Duke Lynch, W. W. Turner, Jack Goldswain, and Lance-Corporal Pat O'Keefe.—[Photograph by C.N.]

of war. But Ranelagh, in its spring dress of pink and green and white, should not have led me to talk of ghosts.

The Portuguese Revolutions.

Portugal, small country though she is, manages to make a good deal of noise in the world. The people of Lisbon murdered a King in order to obtain a Republic, and they have now tried to murder a President so as to turn the Republic into a Commune. The Portuguese sailors seem to be the great stirrers-up of trouble, and twice in recent years Lisbon has been bombarded by the Portuguese fleet. No doubt the fact that Portugal possesses colonies makes it necessary for her to possess some ships of war, but it must be awkward for whoever rules in Portugal to know that the ships which are supposed to guard his palace may, on the smallest provocation, open fire on it. I was surprised when I was in Portugal to find how little the Britons who live in that country trouble their heads about its politics and its riots and its revolutions. Portugal under any possible Government will always look to Great Britain for friendship, and the Portuguese tax everything that comes into and goes out of the country so highly that these taxes cannot be further raised whether a King or the Sansculottes be in power.



## MELODRAMA AT HIS MAJESTY'S: "THE RIGHT TO KILL."



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS MEHMED PASHA AND SIR HERBERT TREE AS THE MARQUIS DE SEIGNÉ.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS LADY FALKLAND; AND SIR HERBERT TREE AS THE MARQUIS DE SEIGNÉ.



SIR HERBERT TREE AS THE MARQUIS DE SEIGNÉ; MR. HARCOURT WILLIAMS AS PRINCE CERNUWITZ; MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS LADY FALKLAND; AND MR. EDMUND MAURICE AS SIR ARCHIBALD FALKLAND.

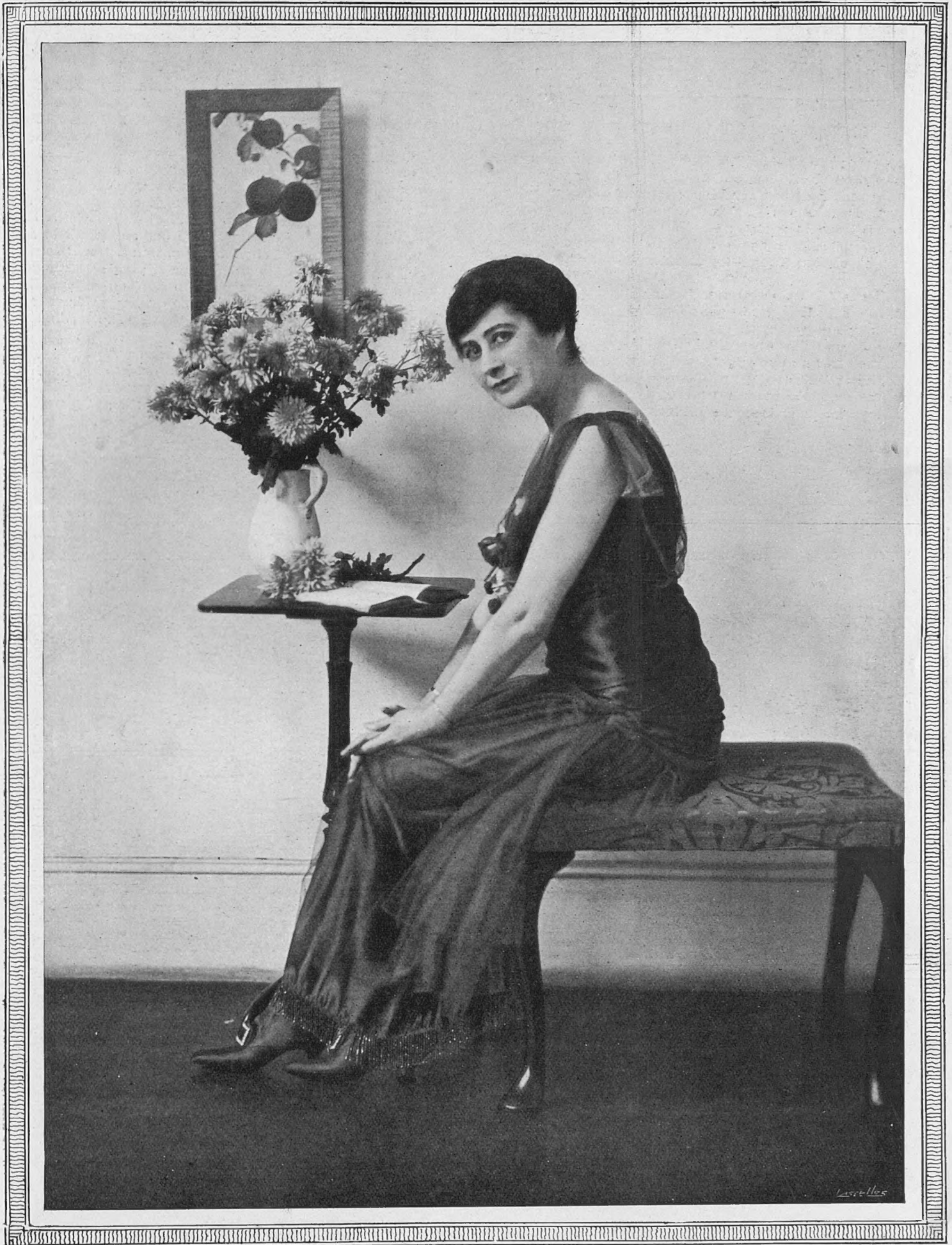
Sir Herbert Tree is always in the movement, and his latest production has at least the war flavour suggested by uniforms, and an amusing, interesting, and impassive Pasha. Sir Archibald Falkland loves a cousin who lives with his wife and himself, and plots with a Hungarian princeling to get rid of Lady Falkland, the princeling

himself being Lady Falkland's lover. The husband extorts a signed confession, but Lady Falkland is loved by the chivalrous Marquis de Seigné, who in the end stabs Lord Falkland, and so exemplifies, to at least his own satisfaction, "the right to kill." The story is lurid, but the cast is luminous with "stars."

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*



## WEDDED TO A DUKE'S COUSIN: A CHARMING ACTRESS.



MARRIED TO MR. RONALD JAMES HAMILTON, ELDEST SON OF LORD GEORGE HAMILTON: MISS SARAH BROOKE.

It was announced the other day that the well-known actress, Miss Sarah Brooke, was married on Feb. 10 last to Mr. Ronald James Hamilton, eldest son of Lord George Hamilton, uncle of the Duke of Abercorn, and that she will retire from the stage almost immediately. Mrs. Hamilton is Anglo-Indian by birth, but of French origin. She made her first appearance in London in 1896, in "Michael and His Lost Angel,"

at the Lyceum. Since then she has played numerous parts. Very recently, she was in "Excuse Me," at the Garrick. Mr. Hamilton was born in September 1872, and has been in the diplomatic service, in Rome, and elsewhere. His father has held numerous important positions, including those of Under-Secretary of State for India, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of State for India.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



## WAR-SERVICE OF TWO KINDS: ABROAD AND AT HOME.



ON THE STAFF OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JOHN MAXWELL, GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING THE FORCE IN EGYPT: PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG; THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY; AND CAPTAIN WALFORD.



A COUSIN OF LORD KITCHENER AS COMMISSARIAT MANAGER OF THE BELGIAN FOOD FUND: MISS EVA FENTON AT WORK.

Miss Eva Fenton, a cousin of Lord Kitchener, is Commissariat Manager of the Belgian Food Fund. She is seen working in the meat-store.—Prince Alexander of Battenberg is the elder of the living sons of Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg, aunt of the King. He was born on Nov. 23, 1886; was educated at Wellington College; was in the Royal Navy from 1904 until 1909; and is a Lieutenant in the

Grenadier Guards.—The Marquess of Anglesey is the sixth holder of the title. Formerly a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, he passed into the Reserve of Officers. He is now an Aide-de-Camp to Lieutenant-General Sir J. Maxwell, General Officer Commanding the Force in Egypt. He was born in April 1885; and, in 1912, married Lady Marjorie Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland.

*Photographs by L.N.A. and Farrington Photo. Co.*



"IF YOU CAN'T LEND A HAND, LEND YOUR GLASSES."



A PICTORIAL APPEAL: LET THE RACE-GLASS GO TO THE FRONT AT ONCE.

One of the last acts of that great soldier and patriot, Lord Roberts, was to appeal to sportsmen to lend their race-glasses to officers and non-commissioned officers at the front, and before he left for France for that visit to the troops during which he died, the veteran Field-Marshal wrote a second appeal, found unsigned after his death.

Many sportsmen have given their glasses to the fighting-men; but there are a great many who lag behind. It is not a pleasing sight to see glasses in use at race-meetings when they might be saving lives in battle. Further appeal should surely be unnecessary to all true sportsmen.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





## LORD DERBY.

A COMMON impression of Lord Derby before the war was that his mission in life began and ended with being—Lord Derby! The sense of class, of family, of Stanleydom seemed to some people to obscure all others. It is probable that, with those who know him least, the character of two or three former Earls was partly responsible for this opinion. There was, for instance, the Derby to whom Greece, in a distracted moment of her history, offered her throne. He refused, as somebody said, because his English honours

were of more account than any foreign ones, and Knowsley more convenient and comfortable than Athens. There is, too, the characteristic story of the late Earl who, when looking for a book and passing his candle along the shelves, unexpectedly lit up the range of William Morris's poems. "If I had known that fellow was going to turn Socialist, I should never have put him in red morocco," he observed, half to himself, half to his companion, as if the conferring of a Knowsley binding were as honourable as a baronetcy.

## Quietly Does It.

But the superficial view of Stanleydom does not hold good when the world gets to grips with facts. Nor, indeed, did it ever hold good except among less intimate observers. The little world of social talkers beholds the comforts of Derby House and the satisfaction of its owner, and straightway forgets the work standing to his credit. He has, till now, got through that work very quietly, and with few speeches. South African war-correspondents remember the effectiveness of his blue-pencil; Lord Roberts and the Post Office knew his thoroughness and discretion; and the King, anticipating our present opinion, has always held him in high esteem as a man of affairs.

Pliers v. the Peer. Derby House, by the way, is a notable illustration of his shrewdness. "Don't touch Stratford Place; my dentist lives there," said a friend, as if that were the final word. But Lord Derby did touch Stratford Place. He threw out the building on either side in the grand manner, and Derby House, rather than the dentist, dominates the situation. Its wings go spreading away to east and west so that its farthest windows command by-streets that the Duchess of Marlborough never guessed at when she was the occupier; and Lord Colebrooke, from whom Lord Derby made the purchase, had quite soon to cease saying "I told you so" about a transformation that exceeded everybody's expectations—except

Lord Derby's! Before he came to Oxford Street he had lived in St. James's Square; and no one now has the faintest doubt about the wisdom of the change.

## The Plain Man.

Only the other week the Jockey Club deliberated under his roof; and, though he recorded the Club's resolution for continuance, he has never failed to subscribe to the view that the Government's decision on a question which affects the country at large should be final. In this matter of racing, as in all others, he has been the practical plain man. While Lord Rosebery and Lord Dunraven were disputing about the use of the word "beano" and the niceties of its meanings, and while Sir Hedworth Meux passed remarks on Ascot and its dresses and Sir Robert Cecil's motives in attending—while most people, in other words, were being amusing or contentious, Lord Derby never lost sight of the common-sense guiding principles that the business of the Jockey Club was to look after the interests of the Turf, that the business of the Government was to look after the interests of the nation, and that the Jockey Club would mind its own business to the best of its ability until called upon to fall in with the larger scheme.

## The Navvies' Brigade.

Since then he has been busy with a vastly more important question. His properties in Lancashire bring him into touch with a great population of workers, and he has not been Lord Mayor of Liverpool for nothing. The Navvies' Brigade stands out as the one solution of the munitions problem. For that alone he deserves the everlasting gratitude of Parliament and the nation, and, if he so wished it, a place in the Coalition Cabinet. He got the workers into khaki, and he got into it himself. The Lord Derby who brought this new order of creature, the military-working-man, into being was not hampered for a moment by his own record as a Grenadier Guardsman, by his Earldom, or by the exact sense of authority that would have been the thing best calculated to keep the mechanic at a distance. The Lord Derby who got into khaki did it, not as an ex-Guardsman, but as a leader and friend of the people; and I am told that he managed to look, not like a soldier, but like a very determined civilian in an emergency uniform.

## Leader and Leaderette.

This same understanding of the requirements of the moment, and of the temper of his audience, makes his recruiting meetings successful. He has never attempted to shine as a speaker; he has therefore no mannerisms to shed when he faces the workers of his own district. Stanleydom, after all, is at one with democracy. And now, when we look back at his record in this new light, we find that it is all very much of a piece. It was, for instance, always possible to talk horses with Lord Derby, or to drop talking horses, without being oppressed by the belief that they monopolise him. None

of the hobbies or habits that enslave Society had hold of him. He and Lady Derby have been true leaders of Society, but without making a bid for leadership.



ORGANISER OF THE DOCKERS' BATTALION: THE EARL OF DERBY, P.C., G.C.V.O., C.B.

Edward George Villiers Stanley, seventeenth Earl of Derby, and a Baronet, was born on April 4, 1865, and succeeded in 1908. He was responsible for the idea of forming a Dockers' Battalion in Liverpool. The result was a big success, and the workers in khaki are proving a valuable and patriotic body at a time when loyal labour is of inestimable value. The Earl is a J.P. and D.L. for Lancashire, and Chairman of its Territorial Force Association. He is also Chancellor of Liverpool University and President of Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Territorial Force Advisory Council. Lord Derby has held important appointments in the Government, and was Lord Mayor of Liverpool in 1911.—[Photograph by Langstaff.]



THE COUNTESS OF DERBY.

Lady Derby was the Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the seventh Duke of Manchester. She was appointed a Bedchamber Woman to H.M. Queen Alexandra, 1901, a Lady of the Bedchamber, 1908, and an Extra Lady of the Bedchamber, 1910. Lady Derby is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and has two soldier-sons, and a daughter, Lady Victoria Primrose, born in 1892.—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]



## WIFE OF AN "IRREVOCABLE" BARONET: LADY SPEYER.



*With her three little Daughters: Lady Speyer,  
Wife of Sir Edgar Speyer, Bt., who has asked  
the Premier to Revoke his Baronetcy.*

In view of the attacks upon Sir Edgar Speyer, and his reply, this portrait of Lady Speyer and her children is of particular interest. In his letter to the Prime Minister the other day, Sir Edgar said: "I am not a man who can be driven or drummed by threats or abuse into an attitude of justification. But I consider it due to my honour as a loyal British subject and my personal dignity as a man to retire from all my public positions. I therefore write to ask you to accept my resignation as a Privy Councillor, and to revoke my Baronetcy." Legal opinion holds, however,

that a Baronet cannot resign his title so as to debar his heirs, except by being convicted of treason, and that a Privy Councillorship bestowed by the King can only be taken away by him, and cannot be vacated by the holder. Sir Edgar Speyer married, in 1902, Leonora, daughter of Ferdinand, Count von Stosch, of Mantze, Silesia. Lady Speyer has three daughters, Pamela (born 1903), Leonora (born 1905), and Vivien Claire (born 1907). Like her husband, who is Chairman of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, she is keenly interested in music.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange.*





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

SHELLS continuously passing over us. It struck me as so curious and incongruous that nothing stopped the birds; they were not going to be done out of their dawn chorus—not they; and how it reminded me of home, and of you!" This passage occurs in a long and most interesting letter from Colonel Mildmay, M.P., to his wife. Mrs. Mildmay has had the generosity and good sense to let it be published. We do not know to what extent she censored it before giving it to the printers, but there is just enough left in to show that the guns can no more silence the gallant correspondent than they can the birds. Besides being almost a love-letter, it is one of the most vivid descriptions of shell-fire that has come out of France, and that is saying a good deal.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN BERNARD DE CAZENOVE: MISS SYBIL BERESFORD.

Miss Beresford is the only daughter of Major Kennedy de la Poer Beresford, late Royal Irish Rifles. Captain Cazenove, 3rd Battalion the Royal Scots, of Kimotho, Chania Bridge, British East Africa, is the elder son of Mr. Arthur P. Cazenove, of 51, Cadogan Place, S.W. Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

foot (he is a man of over fifty) was the only safe way of getting his despatches delivered. And at the end he has tumbled into bed with eyes still streaming from the fumes of explosives, and thus literally, as he says, cried himself to sleep!

From Berkeley Square to —

With his home in Berkeley Square and the House of Commons for his most regularly attended club, the marvel is that Colonel Mildmay can stand the sudden plunge into the hardships of the front without, as the saying is, turning a hair. Polo has been his stand-by. For five years he

Colonel Mildmay. Colonel Mildmay is, on the Staff, but that fact must by no means convey the impression that he has been out of harm's way. He has had to cover ground where to ride on horseback was to make far too easy a target; bolting from point to point on



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN FRANCIS S. COLLIN: MISS BERTHA M. HORNUNG.

Miss Hornung is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hornung, of West Grinstead Park, Suffolk. Captain Collin is in the Royal Engineers.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

won the Hurlingham Champion Cup, played for Cambridge thirty years ago, won the House of Commons Steeplechase in 1892, and served in South Africa. Banking, Parliament, and Society have filled his time since he joined the ranks of the veterans. A man too old for polo can, it seems, regain his pace (and a-foot) on the field of battle. Mrs. Mildmay is a daughter of Mr. Seymour Grenfell, the banker.

*Empty Honours.* A clever recruiting speaker in the Park on Sunday described his saluting experiences as a private. At first, he said, he used to salute the uniform: the young man inside it mattered very little to him. Then he went to the front, and saw the Lieutenants in business hours. Now he has stopped saluting the officer's uniform: he salutes the officer instead. Strictly speaking, his first attitude was the correct one. It is the insignia of office towards which the outward mark of respect must

be paid. This point of view is one of the first things taught the man new to the Army. In the book of instructions issued to young officers they are told that when they enter the presence of their commanding officer they must stand at the salute; or, if entering his room when he is not seated at his table, they must salute his empty chair!

*The Wear of War.*

Khaki—for reasons known, of course, only to the War Office—has been much less in evidence in London during the last week or two. On crowded mornings in the Park the top-hat is again on top. At the last of the long sequence of fine-weather church parades all civilians, from the Duke of Rutland to the bank clerk, favoured the formality of silk, probably in honour of the many representatives of the Army, and their ladies, who go strolling on Sunday. But just lately many good-byes have been said, and his Majesty's uniform has grown rarer. The majority of officers who covered the mile between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner did it with a limp, or had their arms in slings. They, at any rate, do not trouble to get into anything stiffer than a bowler. No wounded man has yet approached the Achilles statue in a frock-coat.

*The Real Thing.* Mr. John Masefield, whose ballads about the daffodil fields of England or the village "pub." used to make our hair stand on end, has been to France. In peace he used to write murderously about murders; in war time he writes mild letters asking for support for a field hospital. For the time being he is back in London, collecting funds for an ambulance that shall go nearer the

fighting lines than the one to which he has been attached. There is no time for poetry, but he still holds rights, evidently, in a new version of the Everlasting Mercy,

"Not I!" The soldier who writes home from the Dardanelles about iron boats, iron food, the iron rain (of shells), and an iron commander in the person of Sir "Iron" Hamilton recalls the politician who spoke to an election meeting of a man who "comes to you with brass on his tongue, brass in his face, brass in his pocket—and his name is Brassey." The words, needless to say, were those of a political opponent, and sound unfriendly even if we remember that they allude in part only to his Lordship's complexion of sand and sunburn. Against "Iron" Hamilton, too, objection might be raised. The metal does not at all suggest the fibre of that gallant officer, and "Ean" is the family pronunciation of his name.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT E. W. H. SPROT: MISS MOLLY GREENSHIELDS.

Miss Greenshields is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Greenshields, of Malpas, Cheshire. Lieutenant Sprot is in the (King's) Dragoon Guards, and is the son of the late Lieutenant-General Sprot, of Riddell, Roxburghshire, and Mrs. Sprot, of Glendearg, Eastbourne. Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Mr. John Masefield, whose ballads about the daffodil fields of England or the village "pub." used to make our hair stand on end, has been to France. In peace he used to write murderously about murders; in war time he writes mild letters asking for support for a field hospital. For the time being he is back in London, collecting funds for an ambulance that shall go nearer the



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CLARE R. U. SAVILLE: MISS KATHERINE GLADYS RITCHIE.

Miss Ritchie is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. G. M. St. M. Ritchie, Chaplain to H.M. Forces, and Mrs. Ritchie, of Kingsley, Farnham, Surrey. Captain Saville is in the Royal Fusiliers, and is the son of Brigadier-General W. Clare Saville, D.S.O., and Mrs. Saville. Photograph by Swaine.



MARRIED TO SECOND LIEUTENANT D. G. ROOKE: MRS. FRANCIS WININGTON.

Mrs. Rooke is the daughter-in-law of Sir Francis Salway Winington, fifth Baronet, and the daughter of the late Commander William John Casberd-Boteler, R.N., of Easry, Kent. Second Lieutenant D. G. Rooke is in the Coldstream Guards. Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A CRYING SHAME.



THE STORK: Heavens! I've dropped a German baby down the Smiths' chimney.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



GOOD news of Sir Reginald Pole-Carew is at hand, and though his recovery will be slow, it is now sure. Superstitious men (of whom there are many in the Service—and more, perhaps, in the Service clubs) have not failed to notice the coincidence which brought tidings of Sir Reginald's accident and Sir Ian Hamilton's great initial success in the Dardanelles to the papers on the same day. "Flighty and unreliable," was Sir Reginald's summing-up of Sir Ian's character in the astonishing House of Commons speech he made at the time of Lord Haldane's War Office reforms. The War Office is not yet convinced.



A SMART YOUNG OFFICER :  
CAPTAIN G. E. SCHUSTER.

When he joined the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars in September last, Mr. Schuster had had no military training, but he showed so much ability and energy that promotion came quickly. On March 12 he was promoted to be Lieutenant, and Captain on April 3, in special recognition of his services to the regiment.

Photograph by Swaine.

#### The Passing of Goodwood.

Goodwood is given the go-by—and who is disconsolate? People to whom racing was an absorbing social excitement were rare enough before the war: they do not exist at the present moment. Goodwood, had it taken place, would have had its crowd; but it costs that same crowd nothing to stay away. One heard, in the imagination, a few sighs when the Duke of Richmond's decision was first announced, but they were faint, furtive, and mostly feminine; and even Mrs. Hall-Walker would probably repudiate them if one tried to fix them to a local habitation and a name.

#### An Esher Miracle.

A good sample of the racing attitude of the moment is Lord D'Abernon's. When he won the Jubilee Stakes by a horse's head, his own was filled with half-a-dozen events

over and above the close finish. He was thinking of something else! A year ago, if you had told a keen owner that such a thing was possible, he would have looked vaguely at you as if he did not quite hear, flicked the ash from his cigar, and turned to talk about weights with his trainer. But in reality the miracle is easily worked. The Red Cross flies over part of Lord D'Abernon's property at Esher, and it does not take long for the wards to become more interesting than the stables.

safe arrival of the *Transylvania* came as a great relief; it was almost, she said, like getting a son back from the trenches. Just now Lady Cunard is going everywhere: she is great at the work of translating social enterprises into some sort of usefulness—which generally means turning them into Red Cross money; but when they cannot be so translated she accepts them on their face-value and for their own sake. Miss Nancy Cunard is busy too. It is calculated that she holds the programme-selling record of a record season.

#### Tea and the Takings.

*Thé thé chantant* put through at Claridge's by Viscountess Cole, Mrs. Godfrey Miller Munday, and Miss May Davies was keenly supported by many Northern ladies. The Princess Louise was especially interested in a scheme that had an Argyllshire fund at heart; and the Marchioness of Tullibardine and the Countess of Mār and Kellie also made themselves useful. Such occasions, however, desperately need all the vitality available, and Lady Tree was called upon—for the two hundredth time in a couple of weeks. For the two hundredth time she answered the call.

#### Too Handsome for Blenheim.

The changes of fashion that overwhelmed us with Russian opera and rag-time, filled certain drawing-rooms with Roger Fry's unbelievable lamp-shades, and gave over Lady Drogheda's dining-room walls to Mr. Wyndham Lewis, do nothing for us when we come to the vexed question of memorials. Some people took Futurism seriously until they themselves became serious. When that happens, the freaks go by the board, and the old problem remains the same, with the one difference that a humble brass, or a stone inscription, or a hospital cot, most often takes the place of the ponderous erections of variegated marbles that lie so heavily on a past generation. Those, if you like, were things to grieve over. Or so, at least, thought the late Duke of Marlborough when he beheld the handsome pile set up by one relative to another during his absence from Blenheim. "Do you think I could send it to the Holborn Restaurant?" he whispered to the friend in whose company he first viewed it.

At the Ritz. At a *thé chantant*—at the Ritz this time—Lady Randolph Churchill's promise of a piano solo proved tempting. She is notoriously nervous as a public performer, and it is quite worth assisting a charity to see her, of all people, in a state of timidity. Moreover, last week she was suspected of knowing a big Cabinet secret.



A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE LIMERICK HUNT  
MARRIED: MRS. R. G. DOUGLAS DEWAR.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. T. R. D. Atkinson, D.L., and Mrs. Atkinson, of Glenwilliam Castle, Co. Limerick, and her marriage to Captain R. G. Douglas Dewar, R.N., H.M.S. "Venus," only son of the late Colonel Dewar, 64th Regiment, took place on May 17.—[Photograph by Poole.]



WIDOWED BY THE WAR: LADY HELEN FREEMAN-MITFORD.

Much sympathy is felt for Lady Helen Freeman-Mitford, sister of the Earl of Airlie, in the loss of her gallant husband, Major the Hon. Clement Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, 10th Hussars, eldest son of Baron Redesdale. Only a few weeks ago Major Freeman-Mitford was awarded the Distinguished Service Order, for conspicuous bravery.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Other Cunarders. Lady Cunard does not go into mourning for a lost Cunarder, but she cannot altogether disguise a personal feeling for her sea-going namesakes. News of the



THE HEIR TO A PEERAGE  
DEAD FROM WOUNDS:  
LORD WENDOVER.

The only son of the Marquess of Lincolnshire, Lord Wendover, who was only twenty, was a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, and died of his wounds. He had five sisters, among whom are the Baroness Nunburnholme, Viscountess Lewisham, and Viscountess Bury.

Photograph by Langfier.



AND WELLS



AND BENNETT

AND GARVIN

AND HARRISON



AND MAUDE

AND BLATCHFORD

AND BOTTONLEY



AND THE OTHERS  
YOU WILL THOROUGHLY  
UNDERSTAND  
THE SITUATION.

TO THE  
NERVOUS BREAKDOWN  
APARTMENT.



M. M. Bateman

A CARICATURE BY H. M. BATEMAN.



## DUVERNAY'S BARGAIN.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

BERESFORD liked the house, and said so with genuine enthusiasm. The more especially he liked—and, indeed, coveted childishly—the big annexe with the north light which, furnished as a smoking-room, had obviously been intended for a studio. And the garden was a garden such as he had dreamed of.

His uncle's invitation to "The Pomegranates" had been entirely unexpected. The prospect of a reconciliation after their last quarrel had seemed fantastically remote. Old Duvernay had spent twelve hundred pounds trying to make a successful architect of his nephew; Beresford had not only degenerated into an unsuccessful artist, but had, in addition, committed the crime of marrying Hilda Dene, whose income from black-and-white work averaged perhaps thirty shillings a week. But there was no doubt that Duvernay was genuinely glad to see him.

The house itself was so tall as to be almost a tower. It stood on the hill-slope, but the pines and poplars that stood sentinel about it hid most of the building except the warm red of the tiled roof.

Beresford hazarded a guess as to the rent.

"I haven't rented it," said Duvernay; "I've bought it. The executors—distant relatives of Cayly, the R.A. who built the place according to his own designs—were anxious to be quit of the whole thing. The building cost seven thousand a year or so ago, and I paid two."

"A bargain!" said Beresford enviously.

"Obviously. But there's a reason. . . . You've noticed, I suppose, that we've no maids, though Mrs. Benfleet does well enough. The fact is, there's a theory in the village that the house is——"

"Haunted?" said Beresford, and thought, as he spoke, he had never seen a place more matter-of-fact and modern and un-ghostlike.

"No. But Cayly died under queer circumstances that the inquest didn't clear up. Come back into the smoking-room, and I'll elaborate."

The two men crossed the hall and entered the room together. Duvernay's own training as an architect had taught him to recognise the right thing—the decorations and furniture were in keeping and absolutely correct. But Beresford thought the man himself looked old and tired, the shadow of his former truculent self.

"To go back to the beginning," said Duvernay, "I ought to explain that Cayly not only designed the house, but spent most of the time during its construction in making sure that his instructions were carried out to the smallest detail. Weaver, the builder in the High Street, will tell you the sort of swine Cayly was to deal with. By the time the house was finished the workmen were harassed half out of their senses, and one of them is said to have laid a curse on the place—a ban which involved the death of any occupant before the end of six months."

He paused. Beresford reflected that he had first heard of his uncle's removal at the beginning of the year.

"Yes?" he said.

"Cayly wasn't the man to be worried by trifles of that sort, and when the house was finished he came here to live with a Mrs. Fenner, the widowed cousin who kept house for him. Two maids, a gardener, and a boy completed 'The Pomegranates' ménage. He arrived early in the summer. On Sept. 3, at nine o'clock in the evening, he was found lying in the hall with his back broken.

"It chanced that at the time there was no one near enough to see—or, indeed, hear—the fall, though one of the maids stated afterwards that she caught the sound of a stifled scream. Mrs. Fenner was out, dining with friends in the village, but the girls had sense enough to send for a doctor at once, and he came back with the messenger. He gave it as his opinion that Cayly had overbalanced from the staircase in some way. The assumption didn't seem a likely one, for Cayly was a short, heavily built man, and

the banisters high, but it was nobody's business to argue otherwise. The man was buried in due course; Mrs. Fenner and another cousin—whom, I believe, she subsequently married—came in for the property. 'The Pomegranates' was offered for sale privately, but no one was keen on taking it, and in the end I bought it at my own price. And up to the present I've had no cause to regret my bargain."

"No uncanny manifestations, eh?" said Beresford lightly.

"None. As a matter of fact, there's no space for spooks here. The place is too well lighted and ventilated. I and a surveyor went over every inch of it. And if old Cayly paid no more than seven thousand, the pair of us can swear that he got value for his money."

"You've been lucky," said Beresford, and sighed, thinking of the cramped, airless little flat in which he and Hilda worked.

"Always have been," retorted Duvernay. "Glad you came, though—if ever you're wanted in a hurry you'll know the shortest cut. Which reminds me that, if you insist on catching the nine-thirty to Waterloo, you've none too much time."

Half-an-hour later the two men parted on the platform. Hilda came to meet Beresford at the terminus. Throughout the journey he had tried to decide how much he should tell her. As he might have known, he ended by telling her everything. Hilda was young, modern, and healthily sceptical concerning the possibility of anything uncanny in Cayly's death. Her chief ambition was to achieve an interview with old Duvernay; her next, to see the studio and the garden.

Exactly a week afterwards, as she was in the act of getting their composite evening meal, a boy arrived with a telegram. Beresford, who happened to be in, opened it.

"Mr. Duvernay met with serious accident. Please come at once to Pomegranates," he read aloud.

Hilda's cheeks paled.

"Reply that you're starting by the next train," she said quickly. "I'll look it up for you. And take the hand-bag—you're certain to have to stop the night. It mayn't be so bad as we think."

But Beresford knew better.

He was lucky in catching a fast train from Waterloo to Bybridge. From there he took a cab to the house. The man eyed him curiously as Beresford gave the address: it was plain that the facts of the tragedy—for tragedy he knew it to be—had already become public property.

Mrs. Benfleet, the housekeeper, was standing in the porch. Beresford could distinguish her tall, spare figure as he made his way up the drive. She was wearing a hat, and a bulging Japanese basket lay at her feet.

"I had your telegram," said Beresford jerkily.

"Did you guess?" she asked. Her attitude towards him had always been slightly antagonistic. An unemotional woman, her red eyes showed that she had, nevertheless, been weeping. "I found him lying where the others had fallen."

"Is—is he dead?" Beresford asked. He faltered at the word, though he did not doubt the answer.

"He died almost at once. The only two words he spoke were 'The ban!' I'd a feeling that he was trying to explain something."

"When did it happen?"

"This morning, at about eleven. I was cleaning the silver in the kitchen when I heard the cry and the crash that followed. I dropped the spoon I was polishing and ran out. Luckily, I'd been able to get a daily girl to help in the housework, and between us we carried him into the smoking-room. She went off to fetch Doctor Vigors, and came back with him. But there was nothing that could be done. The inquest is to be on Wednesday: I'll be needed then, I suppose. In the meantime, I'm going back to my sister at Dulwich. I wouldn't sleep in the house again for all you could offer me. Here's the address, if you should need me at any time; and you'll find everything in order. There's a letter that poor

[Continued overleaf.]



*Territorialisms.*



HOW YOU FEEL—IV. WHEN BEING INSPECTED.

DRAWN BY STAN. TERRY

Mr. Duvernay meant to post, but forgot, as he often did, under the clock in the smoking-room. Good-night, Sir."

She put a bunch of keys in Beresford's hand, and was tramping stolidly down the drive with her basket before he could recover himself.

For a space he stood irresolutely, then he turned and let himself into the darkened house. In the hall he was seized with sudden panic, and it was only by a distinct effort that he could bring himself to move to the electric switch and flood the place with light. The resonant ticking of the tall clock in the corner was the only sound that broke the silence.

He went to the door of the smoking-room, found it locked, and, after trying most of the keys unsuccessfully, hit upon one that fitted. On the mantelshelf was an envelope addressed to himself. He opened it.

"DEAR PAUL" (he read)—"You appear to appreciate 'The Pomegranates,' and to have sense enough to disregard the preposterous rumours concerning it. The place will therefore be yours, conditionally, after my decease. My lawyers are Messrs. Tilney and Ross, of Lincoln's Inn.—Yours, "EDWIN DUVERNAY."

Beresford was staggered. For the life of him he could not have said whether he was terrified or exultant. He slipped the letter in his pocket, locked the house behind him, and made his way back to the village. There were various matters that needed attention—the doctor to be interviewed, and so forth. Vigors proved to be a middle-aged Scotsman, civil enough, but with practically no information to add to Mrs. Benfleet's. He had done all that was necessary so far as the inquest was concerned. Beresford slept that night at the Bybridge Arms, and wrote to Hilda in time for the last post. From his bedroom he could see in the distance the roofs of his inheritance, silhouetted darkly, like the towers of some mediæval castle, against the summer sky.

The inquest was held. Beresford attended as a matter of course. No fresh evidence was tendered: there was none to tender. Old Duvernay had apparently fallen from a height, but there was nothing to indicate from where, nor the reason of his fall. When it was all over, and the inevitable verdict had been given, Beresford went back to town. A day later he called on Messrs. Tilney and Ross. The date of the will, which had been posted to them for safe custody, was the same as that of the letter to Beresford. The whole of the estate, some twenty thousand pounds, was left to him on the sole condition that he occupied "The Pomegranates" for at least six months after his uncle's decease.

"I may add," said the senior partner, "that Mr. Duvernay's only reason for inserting this proviso was to prove that what he contemptuously alluded to as 'the ban' was a purely imaginary danger. It was your own attitude which led him to take this step."

Beresford nodded, and a little later took his leave. He wanted to talk things over with Hilda. If his own views were uncertain, hers proved clear and decisive enough. They would go down to Bybridge together as soon as arrangements could be made, and if "The Pomegranates" was anything like what he described, she would face every risk the uncanny could provide rather than surrender the legacy.

The visit was paid two days afterwards. Her delight at the place exceeded his own. Everything was as it had been when Beresford was there before.

"The very passages have an inhabited air," Hilda commented. "Paul, we're lucky people. Think of Warren Crescent, and this!"

"I've thought of it," said Beresford, pressing her arm.

The smoking-room that was to become a studio again was an enduring rapture. They had arrived too late to explore the garden: that would have to wait until the morrow. They made a scratch meal of the provisions Hilda had bought in the village, and Beresford busied himself locking up the house again.

He heard his wife's footsteps on the stairs behind him. On the first landing she paused.

"There's a gorgeous moon," she called. "I'm going to the top. The view over the pines ought to be worth seeing."

Beresford, wrestling with a refractory bolt, shouted a casual answer.

Two minutes later he heard a scream that tore the silence in a dreadful crescendo of sound, and sent the blood flying to his heart. Across the hall and up the stairs he ran, as a man runs in a nightmare, tripping over the unfamiliar steps, shouting incoherent inquiries.

He reached the first landing, and the second. The third led to two attic rooms, in front and on the left. On the third side, on the right, was a small window through which a full moon shone resplendent.

Its light fell on his wife, and on a short, thickly built figure with a ragged beard and eyes that were like pits of black fire. The figure was gripping the fainting girl by the elbows and dragging her, inch by inch, towards the banisters. At the sight of Beresford he stopped. Beresford, breathless and speechless, stopped also.

"No nearer, mate," said the squat man, and laughed; "else I'll kill her before I push her down. The others didn't need pushing—they found the way for themselves. They didn't need Jack's help, when they came up to stare at the view, as I knew they'd come—Cayly, the artist devil, and the old man who bought the house afterwards. They came up alone and they went down alone, and neither doctor, nor coroner, nor twelve good men and true could say what killed 'em. They never knew what Jack left as a legacy; they never saw what happened. And now Jack himself is here to welcome the new tenants. Anything to say against that, mate?"

He paused, eyeing Beresford fiercely. Beresford's brain struggled frantically to form some coherent plan, and could form none.

"I shall throw her down," pursued the other, "and then watch you go. That will make four—three men and a girl."

"It's a good enough plan," said Beresford huskily. "But I want to know how it works." It was essential that he should get nearer—near enough to grapple with the madman.

"Dolt, the thing is simple enough! If I touch a certain spot in the flooring—"

"Where?" said Beresford, edging closer.

In a flash the other had dropped the girl and flung himself on Beresford. The great arms gripped him about the waist, pinioning him helplessly.

"You shall be first, she second—"

"Listen!" cried Beresford—his voice was a mere croak. His ear had caught the distant tap-tapping of footsteps on the tiled pathway outside the house.

The squat man nodded, and tightened his hold.

"I hear. They're coming at last. For two days they've hunted me, while I've hidden here, waiting. I slipped in through a window. There's been food enough, and no one to disturb me. They're welcome to take me back again when my work's done. Until then—"

Beresford, making a supreme effort, struggled frantically. He and the squat man wrestled and strained in the pale glare of the moonlight. The footsteps halted at the front door; the furious ringing of the bell was followed by a succession of knocks that echoed dismally through the house. Still the two fought impotently, the girl lying, as she had fallen, in a dead faint on the dusty linoleum at their feet.

There was a slight, oval-shaped depression in the floor, and towards this Beresford realised that the squat man was dragging him. It was clear that he attached some vital importance to the spot. The contest was one of elemental physical strength—and the greater staying power was with the squat man. Laboriously he was shifting his grip upwards—Beresford knew instinctively with the object of catching him by the throat, and so ending it.

The ringing and knocking had ceased. The footsteps had moved away, possibly with the object of seeking an entrance at the back. The squat man, with a sudden yell of exultation, tore his right arm free, and with a blow and a plunge sent Beresford crashing into the banisters. They quivered, but did not give way. Beresford clung to them and slid to the floor. The other, gathering himself for a fresh attack, stumbled over the girl's outflung arm, and fell forward, one knee in the centre of the oval depression.

Beresford, panting, frozen with horror, saw an entire section of the banisters swing silently and smoothly outward, like a gate, saw the squat man clutch at them frantically, miss his grasp, and, with a single piercing cry, vanish over the edge. To Beresford's ears came the thud of the body on the parquet flooring, fifty feet below. The banisters, with a light click, swung into position again.

He lost consciousness. A moan from Hilda aroused him.

"Are we safe? Has he gone?"

"He has gone," said Beresford. "Wait—"

He staggered to his feet, and began a stumbling descent of the stairs. His intention had been to fetch water from one of the bedrooms. But a voice in the hall called to him.

Three men stood there, two obviously officials, the third—the one who had spoken—a man who looked like a doctor.

"We're too late," he said. "If we could have got in sooner—"

"Would to God you had!"

"We came because we'd reasons for believing that John Parks, who escaped from Bybridge Asylum two days ago, was in hiding in the house or in its immediate neighbourhood."

"He was hiding here," said Beresford, nodding stupidly.

"Parks was the foreman-joiner here when the place was built. He'd the reputation of being the cleverest workman in the county. It's also said that it was Cayly, the artist who designed the place, who drove him out of his senses by his bullying. And now—"

"He did his best to kill us both," said Beresford. "He failed. The curse—if there was one—has dissipated itself. I was coming down for a restorative for my wife—"

"Here," said the doctor, and produced a flask. Then he turned to the others. "Carry him into one of the rooms," he said, and followed Beresford up the stairs to where Hilda, shaken and pale, but recovering, awaited him.



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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The Two Whitsuntides.

The only pleasure we could promise ourselves this Whitsuntide was taking our fill—if only for a few days—of the radiant spring. For, even when Europe is rent with fury and riven by cannon, blackbirds have a way of singing at sunset, and rhododendrons appear in all their pink and mauve finery, and the morning and the evening are exquisite in this England of ours. So verdant, so gracious, and so smiling is it that it forms too great a contrast to the hideousness "over there." Were it not for the legion of soldiers everywhere, you might for a moment forget, and think you were back in the gay season of 1914—in the incredible days when there was no war. The Whitsuntide of 1914 was unusually warm and summer-like, and one looks back upon a brilliant house-party on the Sussex Downs. There were tennis and croquet all day long, and beautiful creatures in summer muslins reclining on mats and in hammocks, attended by white-flannelled cavaliers. Those cavaliers are now in khaki; two are in the Royal Flying Corps, and one is an alien enemy serving his country in a high position in the Eastern theatre of war. Our hostess of that lively party is learning nursing in a London hospital; even the younger boys are eagerly looking for commissions in the Army. And yet the larks go soaring up over the Sussex Downs,

the grass is blue with harebells, and the pomp of azaleas and rhododendrons is even more blatant than last year. Nature takes small notice of the hideous doings of men. She knows they will one day become sane again, and goes on flaunting her spring-time charms.

"Lusitania!" We wanted a fine war-cry, something which would rouse every man in the British Empire, and Kaiser Wilhelm and Admiral von Tirpitz have supplied us with one by letting off two torpedoes. What America does or says when her tourists and travellers are murdered on the ocean concerns herself alone, and she will be judged by History on the attitude she takes. This exploit—which particularly pleases Berlin—will make that capital shunned by decent people for two or three general tions. Not much was said when seaside places were bombarded, for people in England sensibly took it as part of the fortune of war, as they did the voyages of the Zeppelins; and, moreover, the horrible story of the martyrdom of Belgium (until we had the Bryce Report) hardly seemed true, happening as it did far away beyond the dykes of the Low Countries. To impress the average Englishman profoundly there must be something which appeals to his imagination, which he can figure to himself, and a hideous catastrophe at sea, like the sinking of the great Cunarder, is just the thing to rouse his deepest resentment. So, if the whole nation at last faces the situation, and puts out its whole strength, the little children, the girls, and young mothers who perished on the *Lusitania* will not altogether have died in vain.

### Why Not the Women?

There seems no reason to suppose that German women are less attached to their Fatherland than German men, and to leave them at large are interned, seems sheer folly. They have given no sign that they regard with any other feeling than complacency the drowning of innocent travellers and fishermen, or the hideous atrocities perpetrated by their armies in Belgium and France. For the women (always a *quantité négligeable* in Germany, systematically snubbed and made subservient) have been hypnotised, like their men-kind, by the soldiers and the professors, and can consider nothing but the victory of their nation over the rest of Europe. Moreover, for many years past there have been, especially in the modish parts of London, quantities of most undesirable young persons of Teutonic birth. One would like to know where these dubious Germans are now—if they have been deported in any numbers or are still allowed in the capital of the Empire? As spies and informers, women, with their superior tact, quickness, and adaptability, have ever been largely used in warfare; and, moreover, they have their own specially feminine weapons which can be used to disarm their enemy. There would doubtless be cases of hardship, but it is highly important that no feminine guests or visitors from the two Empires—excluding, of course, those of Czech or Polish origin—should be at large "in England, now."

### The Pluck of London.

London, like Paris, refuses to be scared by Zeppelins. It is more difficult for a fleet of "gas-bags" to reach here than to reach Paris, owing to winds and currents and the peril of the seas; but the genial Germans seem more bent on setting London on fire than even on destroying the Louvre and Notre Dame. We are threatened with incendiary bombs just when we are getting our first sleep, with poisonous bombs which will corrode our lungs like the infamous gas at Ypres, and now with fog-bombs which will hide the Zeppelins hovering over the rooftops and let them work their will upon us. That the attempt will be made to set London on fire seems certain, but that the Zeppelins will get a warm reception is also beyond doubt. Yet, if one of these monster air-ships is brought down, it will not fall in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square or some convenient spot, but possibly on a street, and the prospect of having an air-ship as big as a Cunard liner plump on one's house is not an agreeable idea. Yet this German "bogey," with which we have been threatened for months, has not turned a hair on any head in London; the only mob-outbreak we have had was after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—and that was accompanied by popular outbursts of a more serious character all over the British Empire. London remains plucky, and even facetious.



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## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### Why Not Respirators?

If one reads the papers diligently, there seem to be few ways of safety from the clever and murderous German scientist collaborating with Teutonic military airmen. The old-time "Thunderer" prattles artlessly about poisonous bombs emitting chloride fumes dropped from Zeppelins, which will escape in a fog caused by more bombs. The prospect is not alluring, any more than it is alarming. Casting our thoughts back on what has happened, we refuse to shiver in our shoes: if anyone does fear the Zeppelin poison-bomb bugaboo, respirators are quite inexpensive, and easily carried. I have met odours in the streets of our dearly beloved and peaceful Metropolis which would make the possession of a respirator precious. So why not respirators?

### From the Toilet Table to the Trenches.

are few well-found preparation is absent.

We are all anxious to make life as easy as possible to our dear defenders, the men at the front. We women all know the soothing and healing properties of "Crème Simon"; there dressing-tables from which this invaluable pre-

A more blessed thing it is to send a tube in the next parcel to soldier friend or relative. It will ease abrasions, help foot-sores, soothe wounds from minor accidents — of which there are so many in the trenches — and be a boon after hasty and makeshift shaving. What a luxury to us is almost a necessity to campaigners; nor need we go without, for 'Crème Simon' is obtainable from any chemist or stores: it is one of the inestimable boons easily come by.

### A Real Saving.

The cost of coals is a trial to all housekeepers at present, and it seems unlikely to lessen. Every way of saving is worth investigation. There

is in the Hue Adaptable Fire, made by Young and Marten, Ltd., of Stratford, a means of saving that is also a convenience. It costs only 15s., and it does not interfere with the existing fireplace at all. There is no trouble in keeping up the fire, a great increase in cosiness and cleanliness is experienced; and an illustrated booklet which contains much valuable information will be sent by the firm on application. The Hue Fire has many advantages, as is testified by thousands of unasked-for testimonials to Messrs. Young and Marten.

### Footwear for All Feet.

"Oh, my poor feet!" is a common complaint: in spring-time there is an epidemic of it. Wise people seldom have to make it: they know that it is not the feet that are to blame, but the footwear. Many are careless, and buy boots and shoes anywhere; women are vain and have half-a-size too small; some people believe that patent-leather is necessary for smartness; and forget that in the summer it is often a cause of severe suffering. Knowledgeable people know where to get footwear that fits, looks smart because it is well cut and well made, and that is comfortable because it is good. The Lotus and Delta shoes, made in Stafford, are all that can be desired in these ways. A woman who wants to have some run for her money can have it over these purchases if she likes to bother the salesmen and saleswomen, for they are made in great variety. As a matter of fact, if she knows her size and style, any trouble given is entirely superfluous; and in these war times, when everyone is



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busy, this will be appreciated. The art of advertising is useful to the quick purchaser, as he or she can go to the shop knowing exactly what is wanted and why, and there is thus the maximum of satisfaction and the minimum of wasted time.

### The Merry Month.

Flowers were not without water at the first day of the Royal Horticultural Society's spring show. So persistent was the deluge that the Queen had to postpone her visit. Straw and tarpaulin were laid down where her Majesty should have entered, and a bath-chair from the Royal Hospital in charge of two pensioners was provided, lest the royal lady should wish to keep her feet as dry as might be; but she came not, declining to look at brilliant, beautiful, and lovely flowers in such depressing circumstances. They were lovely, those flowers; and I saw three Duchesses who had braved the rain on entering and were braving the slush to see them—the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Somerset, and Millicent Duchess of Sutherland. Almost everyone was dressed in black or dark-blue, including the Countess of Stair, the Countess of Chesterfield, the Countess of Portsmouth, and the Countess of Kilmorey. This was on the first and worst day, when inside the great tent lay lakes and rivulets of water, and outside it was a case of taking goloshes against a sea of mud. The mood *à la* Mark Tapley is the vogue just now, and it had full play at the opening of the Flower Show.

### A Maid-of-Honour.

Princess Mary, it is said, will shortly have a Maid-of-Honour near her own age. The Queen, although tenacious of her only daughter's sole companionship, realises that when at public functions, and she is necessarily engaged with functionaries, it may be dull for the Princess to have no one with whom to exchange views save Ladies-in-Waiting, who are, as a rule, somewhat constrained when on duty. A girl friend in the capacity



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The Ladies E. and D. Hope lent one of their famous Shetlands, which did good work for the War Fund by collecting at the great Flower Show held at Chelsea last week, as few visitors could resist the appeal. The Ladies Hope are the aunts of the Marquess of Linlithgow.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

of Maid-of-Honour will brighten things for our only Princess. Her Royal Highness adores her parents, but youth turns to youth always on a point of view, and the Princess will enjoy more keenly for having a contemporary companion.





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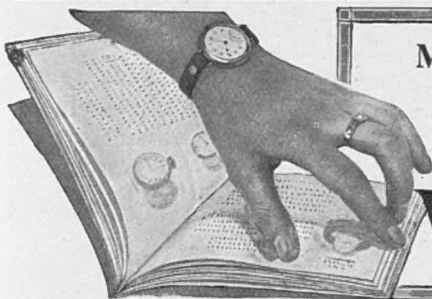


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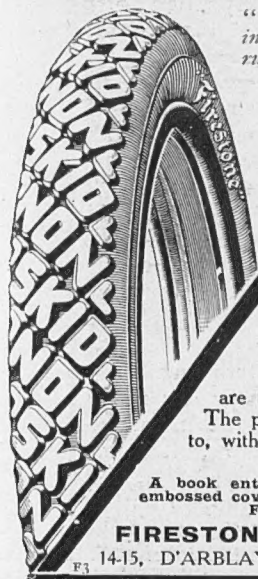
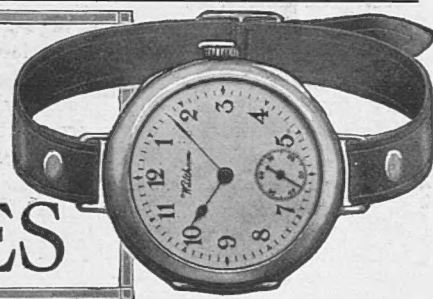
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May 26, 1915

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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A HUNDRED-MILE PLEASURE TRIP: DEMAGNETISED: THE PROSPERITY OF THE R.A.C.

## A Glorious Round.

Nature is undoubtedly looking her best just now, and I can imagine many convalescent soldiers longing for something more extensive than a tour through the streets of London or a short run into the suburbs and back. Of course, large numbers of our wounded are unequal to lengthy outings, but to any car-owner who is able to devote the whole day to taking out men who are well enough to enjoy the journey I venture to suggest a route which has particular charms at this time of the year. The main objective, I may say at once, should be Ashdown Forest, which is now ablaze with gorse to a degree without a rival elsewhere.

## Two Picturesque Centres.

It goes without saying that there are various ways of getting there, but the nearest are not always either the most convenient or the most picturesque. Personally, I should be inclined to recommend the following as the outward route to Godstone, which must be passed through in any case: Hammersmith Bridge, Richmond Park (by way of the East Sheen entrance), Kingston, Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, and Burford Bridge to Reigate; or, alternatively, to turn to the left in Ewell for Burgh Heath and Reigate. The latter route would be preferable if the day were clear, as it would afford a fine prospect from the top of Reigate Hill. Godstone is reached by an undulating road through Redhill, and then the main Eastbourne Road, which is in excellent condition, may be followed to East Grinstead and Forest Row. From the latter village there is a long but not difficult ascent to Wych Cross (658 feet), flanked by immense banks of gorse in most luxuriant profusion, and with far-reaching views of distant hills. The opportunity may also be taken of visiting Crowborough, which is another picturesque centre, and though at the present time it is housing some 10,000 or more Territorial troops, their hutments have been erected in the woods of Crowborough Warren, and to a large extent are concealed from view. As most of the cross-routes to Crowborough, however, are difficult, I may indicate what is undoubtedly the best: it may be found by turning to the left, four miles beyond Wych Cross, at a point where a signpost says "To Duddleswell and Crowborough." This leads, in eight miles, right into Crowborough by way of the road past the golf links and the Beacon Hotel, and the width and surface are better than would be assumed from any of the maps.

## The Homeward Run.

If time permits, the car should be headed for Tunbridge Wells, which is not only a pleasant place to visit for its own sake, but is reached by a very charming though hilly road. Failing this excursion, however, the homeward journey may be made by a good and entirely different route. From the centre of Crowborough village one should turn to the left at right angles to the road descending from Beacon Hill, and after a steep

drop and rise one soon comes to a signpost which indicates a road on the left leading to Hartfield. From there good running may be enjoyed to Edenbridge, and then one rises steeply by way of Crockham Hill to Limsfield Common, brilliant with gorse. Thenceforward the road undulates to a point just outside Godstone, where one may turn to the right, instead of entering the village, and follow the Caterham Valley to Purley Corner. In order to avoid passing through Croydon, the main Brighton Road should be crossed at Purley, and a cross-route taken instead to Mitcham and Wimbledon. There are sundry right-angled turns, it is true, but there are signposts at the doubtful corners. From Wimbledon, of course, the journey to town may be made over Putney or Hammersmith Bridge at option.

Excluding the extension to Tunbridge Wells and back, the total journey is one of a little over a hundred miles, and is certainly the most attractive that can be selected at this time of the year.

## An Unusual Experience.

Albeit it is not often that one hears of magnetos giving out entirely, the fact that such a thing is possible after long use was discovered to his cost the other day by a car-owner who was giving an outing to three wounded soldiers and a nurse. According to the *Motor*, he had to call a halt in consequence of a tyre-burst, but when a new cover had been fitted the engine would not start, and it was not until several hours had been expended upon futile attempts at diagnosis that the real cause of the trouble was determined—namely, the demagnetisation of the magneto. By this time it had become necessary to put up the whole party at an hotel. Next morning the magneto was remagnetised, and then the carburetter proved refractory, and in the end the invalids and nurse had to be sent home by train. Probably in this case the owner placed too much faith in an "old reliable," but was certainly to be sympathised with in the frustration of his benevolent intentions; while his bill for the new tyre and mechanical repairs amounted to thirteen pounds!

## R.A.C. Progress.

It is interesting to find that the war has not had the destructive effect upon the membership of the Royal Automobile Club which might, perhaps, have been expected. As a matter of fact, the figures have actually risen from 7730 to 7844, notwithstanding the exclusion of alien members. Incidentally, it may also be mentioned that there has been an increase in the membership of the affiliated clubs, and the total of R.A.C. and associated members combined now stands at 44,528, an increase of 2363. No public body has done more good work in the way of helping on the war than the parent motoring organisation, and it is all the more gratifying to find that, meanwhile, it has not suffered any loss of strength.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S YOUNGER SON AS AN A.D.C.: LIEUTENANT G. LLOYD GEORGE (CENTRE).  
In February, Lieutenant G. Lloyd George, younger son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was appointed an A.D.C. on the staff of General Sir Ivor Phillips, Commanding the Welsh Army Corps.



THE BRITISH AIRMAN WHO BOMBED THE ZEPPELIN OFF RAMSGATE: FLIGHT-COMMANDER ARTHUR W. BIGSWORTH.

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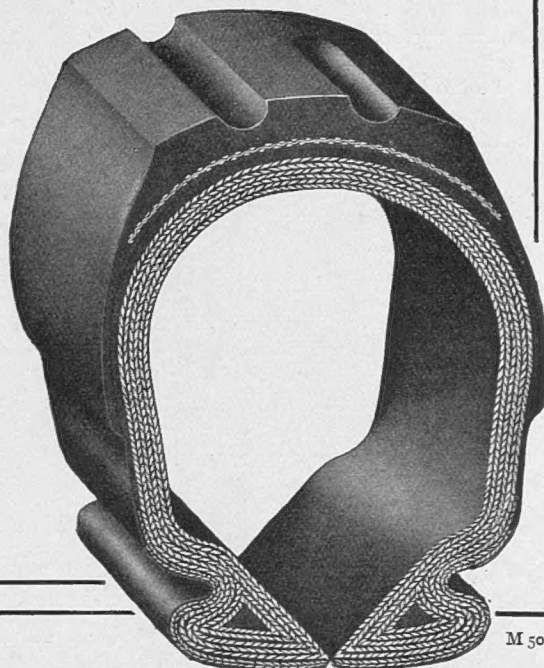
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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

ONE would like to invite a number of distinguished dramatists to write a play on the plot of "Shanwalla," Lady Gregory's new drama produced by the Irish Players at the Little Theatre. Most of them would decline the task and jeer at the subject. The hero is an honest stable-boy devoted to his loving young wife; he is in charge of Shanwalla, favourite at the local races. Two scoundrels want the horse to lose. They murder the young wife, steal the stable-boy's key, and nobble Shanwalla; the hero is charged with both crimes, and in great peril. Then the ghost of the wife appears and proves his innocence. Absurd, old-fashioned, rank childish melodrama: it sounds all that. But Lady Gregory makes out of it a pathetic, interesting play, full of character and curiously convincing. On the stage it seems an old folk-tale—perhaps, indeed, it is. Simplicity is the key-note; simplicity aided by sincerity. You might almost think that Lady Gregory believes in the ghost—maybe she does. And the characters are real Irish peasants—I don't guarantee the dialect. The Irish Players catch the spirit of the piece: simplicity and no stage-trickery is the order of the play. The ghost appears: no scraping of cat-gut, no weird lighting, merely Miss Kathleen Drago moving quietly and speaking naturally, yet by dint of the indescribable something, she froze my old blood; it was quite a remarkable piece of acting. Mr. H. E. Huthinson played excellently as the honest hero. First rate villains are Messrs. Fred. O'Donovan and Arthur Sinclair—widely contrasted in style, but each forgetting that he is a comic actor. Moreover, the two charming young ladies, Miss Eithne McGee and Miss Ann Coppinger, were delightful as peasant witnesses.

What a change from "Shanwalla" to "The Day Before the Day" at the St. James's—from sincerity and simplicity to complexity and artificiality. It is disappointing to see so clever a man as Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald doing such undistinguished work. Still, he does it very cleverly. Cutting is needed, particularly in the scenes with the heroine; here and there are found needless repetitions, and the characters ought not to put so heavy a strain on their hip-pockets by constant production of revolvers or automatics never fired. However, the audience enjoyed the drama immensely. It was in the mood for hateful pictures of treacherous naturalised Germans, and their awful machinations on the East Coast; the

hymns of hate and bloody threats; and the crushful downfall of the Teutons, and preservation of good old England. An excellent recruiting piece, I should think, and likely to go round the provinces—but I hope it will be a little simplified and straightened out before a country campaign; for fully to understand it demands as much brain-work as is needed for "the intellectual drama." A remarkably good company has been engaged, headed by Mr. Lyn Harding as the English Secret Service officer, who at present occupies the Sherlock Holmes or Raffles place in public fancy. The actor seemed rather slow at times, but there is plenty of energy in his work, and some skill, too. Miss Grace Lane had a very trying part as the heroine, who, for the sin of having been engaged to a Prussian officer before the war, is suspected by everyone of treachery and until she proves her loyalty by shooting him very dead: she acted exceedingly well in a pathetic fashion. Fine full-blooded performances were given by Mr. Edmund Gwenn and Mr. Frederick Ross as Prussian villains of the deepest dye style—real aniline Prussian-blue, in fact; they were appallingly ferocious. Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell gave a note of prettiness to the play by her acting as an amiable young American.

Mr. Martin Harvey returned to London last week after a long absence, and the chief object of his visit is to give us a new play by Mr. Stephen Phillips. While this is in preparation, he is filling up the time with "The Breed of the Treshams," which, whatever may be thought of it as a play, undoubtedly provides Mr. Harvey with a part which suits his romantic temperament to perfection. Reresby the Rat, who is such a reckless, good-for-nothing fellow, and so sound at heart, is an attractive figure; and Mr. Harvey's rendering of him has developed with time, and in some passages, notably the tragic recital of his past love, his acting is of really remarkable power and beauty. The company which surrounds him does its duty well, and particularly notable is Mr. Glenney, who plays the treacherous villain with a sense of character.

British soldiers, after leaving the trenches, highly appreciate the refreshing and healthful effects of a bath to which some disinfectant has been added, such as "Sanitas Crude Fluid." Friends of our brave men at the front might do far worse than remember how grateful they will be for gifts in the nature of "Sanitas Crude Fluid" and "Sanitas Bath Salts."

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